

# Good Morning 22

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## I get around

AT Overton's Victoria Fish Restaurant recently, I was enjoying a very tasty pigeon. With me was caricaturist Buck Ryan author, Jack Monk.

Over my shoulder came a vaguely familiar voice, "How do you enjoy your lunch, Mr. Richards?"

I looked up into the smiling, cherubic face of Felix, the celebrated West End head waiter. It seems Felix has taken over Overton's, and he plans to brighten it up, and, if possible, enlarge it.

I hadn't seen Felix for some time, and I was glad to see him, because before the war he was an exceptionally good friend and a great source of information.

The last time we met was a year or more ago, when he was head waiter at Kempinski's Tavern in Swallow Street. On that evening Felix had the greatest fright of his life.



"FELIX."

The Earl of Suffolk, who knew Felix well, and who frequently dined there with members of his Royal Engineers Bomb Disposal Squad, had just strolled in. He requested of Felix, "Go down to my bus, Felix, and bring up my bag which is in the back." Felix took the key and went down to the bus, which was an Army lorry. He put the key in the lock, and, opening the door, he reached inside for the bag. Instead, he felt a hard, cold, metal object, so he took out his torch and peered closely.

Poor Felix must have been petrified, because it was ten minutes later that a policeman brought him upstairs and explained that he found Felix standing on the pavement, stuttering and holding his head.

Some typically fine Kempinski wine was found, and Suffolk, Felix, the policeman and I laughed it off. We had another good laugh when I reminded him again the other day.

Felix still swears that the unexploded bomb that he grabbed in the lorry that night was the biggest the Hun has ever left in London.

A STRIKING reminder of the progress of aviation in the past three decades is afforded by a programme of the first aircraft sale in England.

By

RONALD RICHARDS

The sale, which was held at Hendon on April 23, 1912, included aero parts and engines and the "opportunity of the year," which was a SOHP Viking bi-plane. Another "great bargain" was a Val-kirie monoplane capable of 50-55 m.p.h.

I think perhaps the Fuehrer had these death-traps in mind when he, in 1939, declared, "The British cannot bomb Berlin."

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AT a "Pompey" Y.M.C.A. recently I was puzzled rather by a dish that was fixed beneath the lid of two pianos. I made some enquiries, and learned that it was intended and used as waste-paper basket, ash tray and sink.

The supervisor told me, "Pianos are frequently ruined by beer, tea, cakes and cigarettes being dropped into them, so we have fitted these trays on all the pianos."

Since then I have looked for similar measures, and in most places I found them. At Hull I was amused by the following notice, which was on the wall above the piano: "This piano is a non-drinker, it does not smoke, and has no particular liking for pastry."

In London, at the Y.M.C.A. headquarters, I was told: "We have nearly four thousand pianos in the country, and if we are to keep them all at concert pitch, then the troops must co-operate. In some cases the woodwork has been shattered by Army boots and we have had to reinforce them with metal."

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IT was between songs, and Avril, the Clipper Club crooner, was doing me the honour of drinking my whisky. The conversation changed from the Lieut.-Commander in the corner to the worst things that can happen to a girl.

Avril classed them thus: To sit on a cane-seat chair when wearing a velvet gown; to come face-to-face with her most ardent admirer when she is on the return journey from the greengrocer or the baker; or to feel a strap go in the midst of a Paul Jones.

Remember that tip from the voice of experience, and your reward will probably be . . . well, you know best.

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I HEAR from Mr. C. B. Cochran that he is to stage a unique and mammoth show at the Royal Albert Hall on June 16.

The show will be called "Seventy Years of Song," and will be in aid of the Toc H War Services Fund. Mr. Cochran describes the show as being "Seventy years of whistleable tunes."

The Geraldto Concert Orchestra will play a very prominent part and nearly three hundred players will appear during the evening. A highlight should be Malcolm MacFachern's rendering of the 1870 hit, "We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do!"

"I'm thinking of having mine plaited"



"Personally I prefer mine matted—There's so much more object in brushing it"

At the sign of ye Inne—3

## THE SARACEN'S HEAD

IN common with other inn signs which have their origin deeply rooted in history, "The Saracen's Head," wherever you may see it, has a meaning.

It dates back to the times when the British Crusaders, under Richard Cœur de Leon, went to the Holy Land to fight the enemies of The Cross.

The head of the infidel must have had a sinister meaning when it was first used as the sign of a tavern—and from what we have heard of those days, it would not be too wild a conjecture that, at some port of disembarkation which saw the return of the Crusaders, a grisly emblem from the Holy Land was actually suspended outside the first inn to bear the

name of The Saracen's Head.

In the best bedroom of The Saracen's Head, Kings Langley, is a Royal Crest and a Tudor Rose and Crown engraved on the wall. Mr. A. Morgan, the present landlord, claims it to be an emblem in commemoration of the visits of the first Duke of York.

The inn, within sight of Langley Palace, is believed to have been at one time the hunting lodge of the Royalty at the Duke's residence.

Behind the fireplace in the saloon bar is a passage leading to the Palace, parts of which have been discovered under the road in recent years. The walls of the passage are in several places covered with rhymes and sketches, possibly written by servants and soldiers.

The bars, though recently redecorated, still have the original oak beams, and the ceilings

The sign of "The Saracen's Head" follows closely the traditional sign of centuries ago.

are characteristically low. The staircase leading to the residential part is spiral, and of solid oak.

## SQUARE SHOULDER

B	E	A	C	O	N
E					E
A					E
C					D
O					L
N	E	E	D	L	E

Try this teaser. It looks easy at first sight, but it will tax you for a few minutes.

Outer edge words to this six-lettered word square have already been supplied, so that your job is to fill in the remaining blanks with the letters necessary to make good words reading down and across.

## A NEW WARSHIP IN 7 HOURS

MR. HENRY KAISER, the American shipbuilder, who put new ships in the water a day or two after the keels were laid, was beaten hollow years ago by French shipbuilders. He was 250 years late. The story is told in "We Joined the Navy" (A. and C. Black).

Speed in French shipbuilding was inspired by a Navy Minister, the Marquis of Seignelay, eldest son of the great Admiral Colbert, in the seventeenth century. Louis XIV was being hard pressed by the fleets of Britain and Holland, and his advisers felt that something drastic had to be done.

Delegates were sent round the shipbuilding yards, chiefly in Brittany, and at Toulon and Marseilles, with the result that by careful organisation it was not long before a warship, equipped with from 30 to 50 guns, could be turned out complete by a yard in a few days—or, in case of rush orders, in a few hours.

Thus, Colbert wrote the following order on 26th December, 1678, to Brodat, a warship construction chief at Marseilles:—

"You must exercise if possible, such diligence that when the King visits your yards he may see a keel laid as soon as he gets up in the morning and the ship completed and equipped to proceed to sea immediately, before he goes to bed that evening; that is, that the ship be built between 9 or 10 in the morning and 9 o'clock that night."

And Brodat's men succeeded, then and on many other occasions. Contemporary records bear witness to the ability of another French shipyard:—

"A few days ago, Arnoul got a warship built at Toulon. Arrangements had been made in advance, in minutest detail, and the 700 men engaged worked in such perfect order and with such diligence, that the vessel was completed in seven hours, although equipped to carry forty guns."



"The Saracen's Head," Kings Langley, a picturesque inn of brick and timber frame.



Periscope  
PageQUIZ  
for today

1. Which planet is nearest the sun?
2. When was the Manchester Ship Canal opened?
3. What is the chemical symbol for water?
4. With what do you associate the name Papworth?
5. Where are the Pearl Islands?
6. With what do you associate Hatton Gardens?
7. What is the plural of Eisteddfod?
8. Who is called "His Eminence"?
9. What was the previous style of address?
10. Where are Epstein's statues, Night and Day, to be seen?
11. What is the official residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer?
12. What is a Fandango?

Answers to  
Hidden Birds

Starling, Owl, Humming, Wren, Swallow, Swan, Parrot.



## MERMAID

TO make claim of having seen a mermaid frequently invites suggestions of inebriation. However, so many have been the claims that it is almost certain that such creatures do exist.

In 1822 a mermaid was exhibited in London. It created a sensation. Three hundred visitors a day paid a shilling to see it.

Actually, this wonder consisted of the dried head and shoulders of a monkey attached to the mummified skin of a large fish, the whole stuffed and varnished.

It was bought by a Dutch skipper from Malacca seamen in the East Indies.

In July, 1938, natives of Broadford, Isle of Skye, claimed that a mermaid had been seen

on several occasions in the bay. They believed that the beautiful creature had made a home in the picturesque water around Skye.

Frequently the silvery creature broke water within twenty yards of the shore.

In February, 1943, it was claimed by a Swedish scientist that a creature with the head and upper body of a woman and the tail of a fish had been found in the Red Sea.

In folklore, a mermaid has head and body of a woman to waist, ending in tail of a fish with fins and scales. She is always pictured as having long and beautiful hair, and is frequently represented as combining hair with one hand while she holds a mirror in the other. Male of species, merman, is less common.

Tales of mermaids are found in folklore of many European nations, and they are akin to sirens of Greeks.

Adapted from Jules  
Verne's famous Novel

The following day, the 10th of January, the *Nautilus* resumed its course under the water, but at a remarkable speed, which I could not estimate at less than thirty-five miles an hour.

Thus we went on our way, incessantly charmed by some new marvel. Conseil observed and classified his zoophytes, his articulates, his molluscs, and his fish. The days fled rapidly away, and I counted them no longer. Ned, according to his custom, tried to vary the fare on board. Veritable snails, we had become accustomed to our shell, and I affirmed that it is easy to become a perfect snail. This existence, then, appeared to us easy and natural, and we no longer thought of the different life that existed on the surface of the terrestrial globe, when an event happened to recall to us the strangeness of our situation.



On the 18th of January the *Nautilus* was in longitude 105° in S. lat. 15°. The weather was threatening, the sea rough. The wind was blowing a strong gale from the east. The barometer, which had been going down for some days, announced an approaching war of the elements.

I had gone up on to the platform at the moment the first officer was taking his bearings. I

expected as usual to hear the daily sentence pronounced. But that day it was replaced by another phrase not less incomprehensible. Almost immediately I saw Captain Nemo appear and sweep the horizon with a telescope.

For some minutes the captain remained immovable, without leaving the point inclosed in the field of his object-glass. Then he lowered his telescope and exchanged about ten words with his officer, who seemed to be a prey to an emotion that he tried in vain to suppress.

I looked carefully in the direction they were observing without perceiving anything. Sky and water mixed in a perfectly clear horizon.

This mystery must necessarily be soon cleared up, for, obeying an order of Captain Nemo's, the machine, increasing its propelling power, gave a more rapid rotatory movement to the screw.

At that moment the officer again attracted the captain's attention, who stopped his walk and directed his telescope towards the point indicated. He observed it for a long time. I, feeling very curious about it, went down to the saloon and brought up an excellent telescope that I generally used. Then leaning it against the lantern cage that jutted in front of the platform, I prepared to sweep all the line of sky and sea. But I had not placed my eye to it when the instrument was quickly snatched out of my hands.

I turned. Captain Nemo was before me, but I hardly knew him. His physiognomy was transfigured. His eyes shone with sombre fire under his frowning eyebrows. His teeth glittered between his firm-set lips. His stiffened body, closed fists, and head set hard on his shoulders, showed the violent hatred breathed by his whole appearance. He did not move. My telescope, fallen from his hand, had rolled to his feet.



"M. Aronnax," said he in a rather imperious tone, "I require from you the fulfilment of one of the engagements that bind me to you."

"What is that, captain?"

"To let yourself be shut up—you and your companions—until I shall think proper to set you at liberty again."

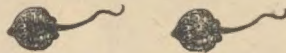
"You are master here," I answered, looking at him fixedly. "But may I ask you one question?"

"No, sir, not one!"

After that I had nothing to do but obey, as all resistance would have been impossible.

I went down to the cabin oc-

cupied by Ned Land and Conseil, and I told them of the captain's determination. I leave it to be imagined how that communication was received by the Canadian. Besides, there was no time for any explanation. Four of the crew were waiting at the door, and they conducted us to the cell where we had passed our first night on board the *Nautilus*.



Ned Land wanted to expostulate, but for all answer the door was shut upon him.

"Will monsieur tell me what this means?" asked Conseil.

I related what had happened to my companions. They were as astonished as I, and not more enlightened.

I was overwhelmed with reflections, and the strange look on Captain Nemo's face would not go out of my head. I was incapable of putting two logical ideas together, and was losing myself in the most absurd hypotheses, when I was aroused by these words of Ned Land's:—

"Why, they have laid dinner for us!"

"Will monsieur allow me to recommend something to him?" asked Conseil.

"Yes, my boy," I replied.

"It is that monsieur should eat. It would be prudent, for we do not know what may happen."

"You are right, Conseil."

"Unfortunately," said Ned Land, "they have only given us the usual fare on board."

"Friend Ned," replied Conseil, "what should you say if you had had no dinner at all?"

## HEARD THIS ONE?

Everything about the Fleet Air Arm was interesting, and the American guest was thoroughly enjoying himself and asking a never-ending stream of questions.

"Say," he exclaimed, "how is it that you seem to have so many Scotsmen among your pilots?"

"Well, sir, replied the guide, by now getting browned-off, "since the Scots have learned that every cloud has a silver lining we can't keep 'em out of the sky."

That observation cut short the harpooner's grumbling.

We sat down to dinner. The meal was eaten in silence. I ate little. Conseil forced himself to eat for prudence sake, and Ned Land ate as usual. Then, the meal over, we each made ourselves comfortable in a corner.

At that moment the luminous globe that had been lighting us went out and left us in profound darkness. Ned Land soon went to sleep, and, what astonished me, Conseil went off into a heavy slumber. I was asking myself what could have provoked in

A sparrow, respectably married and normally keeping married men's hours, arrived at the nest two hours late one evening, with feathers sticking out at all angles, and a black eye. Ma Sparrow immediately wanted to know the meaning of "this late hour" and "this disgusting condition." Dad Sparrow's story, which he is still sticking to, is that he was caught up in a badminton match.

not raise them. A morbid slumber, full of hallucinations, took possession of my whole being. Then the visions disappeared and left me in complete insensibility.

The next day I awoke with my faculties singularly clear. To my great surprise I was in my own room.

Was I once more free or a prisoner? Entirely free. I opened the door, went through the waist, and climbed the central staircase. The panels, closed the night before, were opened. I stepped on to the platform.

Ned Land and Conseil were

## Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.



awaiting me there. I questioned them; they knew nothing. They had slept a dreamless sleep, and had been much surprised to find themselves in their cabin on awaking.

As to the *Nautilus*, it appeared to us tranquil and mysterious as usual. It was floating on the surface of the waves at a moderate speed. Nothing on board seemed changed.

(Continued to-morrow)

## SPOT THE NUMBERS

1	6	6	2	2
2	6	9	7	7
3	5	5	8	8
3	5	4	4	3

				18
				17
				16
				15
				14
				13
				12
				11

The groups of 24 numbered circles found at the top of this diagram form a tantalising brain-teaser.

If properly placed, all of them will fit into the circles below so that the total of each three in a line will equal the number in the circle on the right.

Go to it, you mathematicians!

## JANE



Were it not for imagination, sir, a man would be as happy in the arms of a chambermaid as in the arms of a duchess.

Samuel Johnson.

Our deeds still travel with us from afar. And what we have been, makes us what we are.

George Eliot.

Though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my crown, that I have reigned with your loves.

Queen Elizabeth.

On skating over thin ice, our safety is in our speed.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

It was high counsel that I once heard given to a young person: "Always do what you are afraid to do."

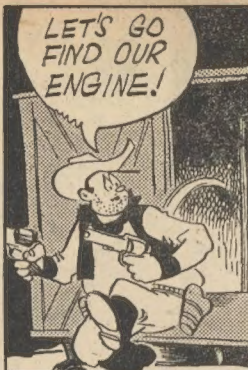
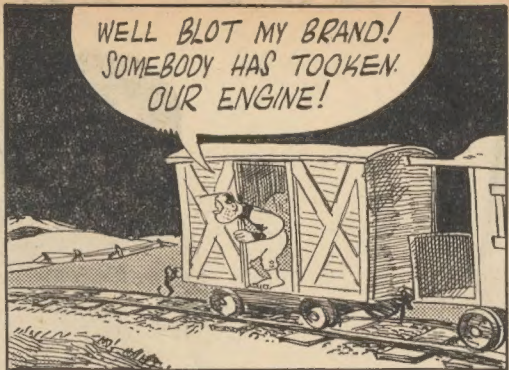
R. W. Emerson.

Solution to Yesterday's  
Quiz

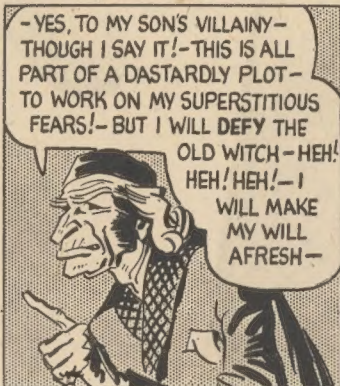
1. Margaret Mitchell.
2. Mary Shelly.
3. Jerusalem.
4. Tow of flax or hemp.
5. Meat slaughtered and prepared to prescribed Hebrew practices.
6. Two ounces.
7. The native language of the Highlanders of the West Coast of Scotland.
8. Swedish.
9. Kensington Gardens.
10. The Duke of Wellington at Waterloo.
11. Millais.
12. Russian ballet.



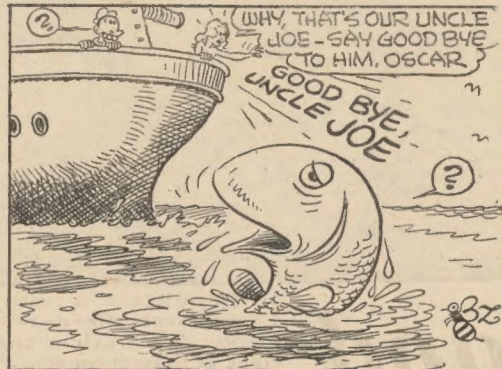
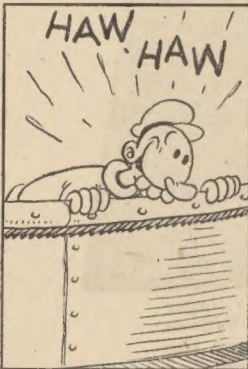
# Beelzebub Jones



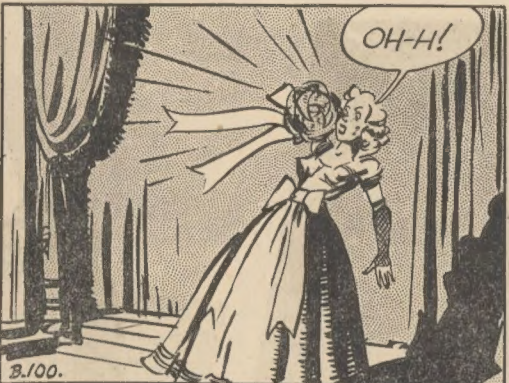
# Belinda



# Popeye



# Ruggles



# Refs.—£10 a Match Not Ten-a-penny

SERVICEMEN, aircraft and munition workers, men in town and country, are studying hard just now. Odd moments off duty are spent poring over a little red book. One day their reward may be to take charge of an English Cup final at Wembley.

For football is already making its post-war plans, getting together its referees for the great kick-off. These men, now in barracks and factories—some of them in actual fighting areas—are studying hard for their qualifying examinations.

Mr. F. Hargreaves, secretary of the Lancashire F.A., tells us that in his county alone they are planning shortly to list the first 300 of the referees they will need as soon as Soccer starts up again.

## EXAMINATIONS FOR REFS.

Qualifying examinations for this group will be held within a few weeks, and exams. for others will follow soon after, for, before the war, Lancashire had between 600 and 700 qualified referees on the county list—and needed them.

The exam. is a stiff one, written and oral, on the laws of the game. Even those who pass with honours at this stage still have a long way to go before being considered qualified to act in Football League matches.

Only when a man has proved himself thoroughly competent and experienced is his name submitted for inclusion on the Football League's list of referees.

Meanwhile, the League clubs themselves are coming forward with their own suggestions for the future of the game.

Birmingham in particular have submitted a number of proposals for the Football League's consideration. They want a limit on transfer fees, so that no club may spend more than £10,000 in any one season in acquiring new players.

## BONUS POOL.

Instead of paying match-winning bonus to players as hitherto (two guineas for a win, a guinea for a draw), they propose that all clubs should contribute to a bonus-pool for distribution at the end of the season.

The League winners, they suggest, should be allocated £1,000 from this pool for distribution; £750 should go to the runners-up, and a sliding scale should be followed down to £250 for the bottom club.

Birmingham also want the Football League to retain its own referees, so that these officials are in the "exclusive and constant service of the League"—in other words, professional, full-time referees.

How the authorities will react to Birmingham's proposals remains to be seen. Interesting comment comes, however, from the Arsenal—previously one of football's most lavish spenders—through their manager, George Allison.

Allison, who has more than once paid the level £10,000 for one player—considers that Birmingham's scheme to limit a whole season's spending to this amount is sound.

Allison doubts whether referees will consider the job as a full-time profession, but suggests that, to encourage the best men, the fees should be £10 a match, instead of the present £3 3s.

JOHN NELSON.

# SPINNING WHEEL MAKER



MR. SINCLAIR AT WORK.

IN odd corners of this countryside of ours, disturbed little by worldly affairs, English men and women carry on crafts handed down to them from their forefathers.

IN the little Argyll village of Port Sonnachan an old man works at a dying craft. Donald Sinclair is the last of the spinning wheel makers. When he dies, an old industry is finished.

For almost seventy years Mr. Sinclair has been making and repairing spinning wheels by hand. The wood is at his back door, in the forests which bank steeply from Loch Awe.

His spinning wheels go all over the world. Mr. Sinclair's father started the business, which has been carried on by his sons until now only the youngest is left.

The only instruments are a lathe and a small screw for putting the spindles firmly on the wheels.

# HEARD THIS ONE ?

"No," said the proprietor of a seafaring cafe, "I don't want any of those slot-machines which involve gambling."

"That's all right," replied the salesman. "These are not gambling machines. The customer hasn't got a chance."

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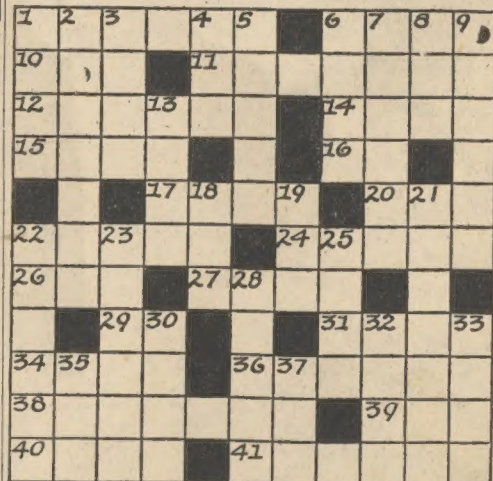
The dug-out leaked and rain went drip-drip-drip on the muddy floor.

At midnight the barrage started. The noise of terrific artillery fire rent the air. And as the world seemed to rock with the mighty din, Bill turned to his pal, who was tossing and turning in his blanket.

"What's up, chum?" he asked. "Can't yer sleep?"

"Sleep!" replied Nobby. "Ow the 'ell could anyone sleep—wiv that perishin' drip, drip, drip, goin' on all the time?"

# CROSSWORD CORNER



## CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Confused mixture.
- 6 Trundle.
- 10 Girl's name.
- 11 Free-flowering annual.
- 12 Sadness.
- 14 Interjection to gain time.
- 15 Excuse.
- 16 Concerning.
- 17 Capital sum.
- 20 Sprinted.
- 22 Garments.
- 24 Overturn.
- 26 Girl's name.
- 27 Aye.
- 29 Behold.
- 31 Precious stone.
- 34 Feign.
- 36 Write.
- 38 That can be heard.
- 39 Barrel.
- 40 For fear that.
- 41 Emphasis.

## CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Twist of hay.
- 2 Opened out.
- 3 Stringed instrument.
- 4 Self.
- 5 Mountain ash.
- 6 Cultivate.
- 7 Remaining ones.
- 8 Recline.
- 9 Dirge.
- 13 Floating structure.
- 18 Custom.
- 19 Proper.
- 21 Charges with carbonic acid gas.
- 22 Humble dependent.
- 23 Vegetable dishes.
- 25 Poke.
- 28 Conceals.
- 30 Leave out.
- 32 Big fish.
- 33 Table supports.
- 35 Colour.
- 36 Meshed fabric.

FETCH DRUPE  
E LATION V  
ANNOY VOILE  
TOSS BITTER  
STEELLED SAY  
H RULED G  
BIN GASEOUS  
ENERGY ABET  
AGREE FREDA  
R VARLETS C  
DEEMS WHELK



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

# AHOY THERE



## This England

A typical scene in rustic England. One of those villages whose streets offer no temptation to the road-hog. Where market-day provides the high-spot, and cattle have the right of way throughout the year. Yet in these cottage homes are anxious parents, waiting the postman's knock, signal of a long-awaited letter from a son serving overseas.

"I'm up the Pole. I know it and I like it. They call me the Slow Loris, but I was fast enough up here when they chased me."



"I'm not Loris. I'm 'Orice, the kitten, that climbs and clings and cries—'ow the 'ell do I get down again, anyway?"



"Stand by to Surface boys!"

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'm not up the pole."

